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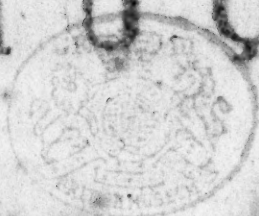
THE
CONQUERORS.

P O E M.

[Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE.]

THE

CONFESSOR.



M

O

P

Price TWO SHILLINGS and SIXPENCE.

T H E
K C O N Q U E R O R S .

A
P O E M .

DISPLAYING THE
Glorious Campaigns of 1775, 1776, 1777, &c. &c.

“ My arms shall slay men, women, ev’ry thing,
“ To shew the mercy of my gracious * - - ,
“ Unless they stay at home, or cattle bring.”

}

Proclamation at Putnam Creek, June 30, 1777.

Vide CONQUERORS, p. 56.

L O N D O N :

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ERRATA.

P. 6, l. 2, *lege* insidious; 11, l. 10, charm; 16, l. 8, quibbling; 23, l. 15, alarm, l. 16, arm; 28, lines 16 and 17 to precede 14 and 15; 42, l. 9, campaign; 45, l. 12, whose passions ills create; 46, l. 3, Peek's Kill, l. 4, deals; 47, l. 2, design, l. 7, wretch's; 57, l. 7, feats, instead of treats; Note omitted p. 64. The author of the *Critical Moment* predicted the event of Burgoyne's defeat exactly as it happened.

See Janus's remarkable Letter in the London Evening, re-published Dec. 13, 1777.



CONQUERORS.

P O E M.

PURSUE thy fav'rite scheme, great * - - - proceed,
And fill our annals with each glorious deed;
Though nearly breathless in thy dreadful race,
Still ruin court---no ills retard thy pace:
An empire lost---a gen'rous people's wrongs,
Elate thy soul and serve for courtiers songs.
In feasts voluptuous all thy crimes defend,
Where bright champaign will prove a darling friend.
Thy ranc'rous breast where dreadful fury reigns,
Fills with sad mourning all Britania's plains;

A clerk.

B

Some

Some Demon stirs thy soul---Mars thund'ring calls
With speaking trumpet, * - - - - - hoarsely bawls.

* - - - - - astonish'd, mounts his tim'rous horse,

And trembling turns a lifeless pallid corse ;

As when on Minden's plains confused in thought,

While noble Granby every danger fought.

Granby the great,——he glorious laurels won,

And lives to bless in his auspicious son.

View pension'd, * - - - - - flyly coffers fill,

Ask not for why?---'tis the sovereign's will ;

Careless of good, or who his friend beguiles,

So shines the sun in radiant cheering smiles.

Ambitious * - - - - - boasts a lofty claim,

Did not I promise break in royal name ?

With native meanness * - - - - - attends,

Graping at wealth, he'd forfeit soul or friends.

The servile reptile, crawling on the earth,

Gives ample tokens of his northern birth.

Devouring wretch, nurs'd with Butean hand,

Fastens on * - - - - - and fleeces all the land ;

With smoothest tongue, and false insidious smile,

In ignorance fraught---but cunning to beguile.

A clerk,

A clerk, who liv'd on forty pounds a year,
Now leads the * and each groveling * . . . ;
Twelve thousand pounds his annual income now,
Give striking proofs from whence corruptions flow.
If the great * ambitious, proud of fame,
Would dry the sea, to raise a glorious name?
Mountains o'erturn to pour on Scotsmen boon,
And send brave soldiers to attack the moon;
Or if it please that Bobadil's grand force,
Should storm the Heav'ns, or stop the Sun's bright course:
Charles would applaud; * worthy go between,
And see the wisdom of each flighty dream.
Such sweeten'd councils, all our ills create,
While * of rank become the tools of state.
The blushing * red with potent wines,
Leaves Venus fair, nor charms of Sol declines;
The slipp'ry * grasps at luring fame,
And the spruce * forgets his flame;
The thoughtless peer enjoys the massacre,
While trisful hov'ring ghosts around him see!
Devoutly * leaves his faintish fires,
Mean * quits the hungry kitchen fires.

Where

Where frugal * fam'd æconomic hand,
 Starv'd every soul except his Scottish band;
 These must be fed; a wretched servile crew,
 Who cringe, and fawn, and lick the dirty shoe.
 The faithful * cheers, and * tongue,
 Praises all courtly measures right or wrong.
 * - - - - the pretty, flies his canine muse,
 And artful * - - - - the filthy stews.
 Master of arts in wag'ring, cards or dice,
 The grand support of every human vice.
 When desp'rate knaves would gain a roguish cause,
 And by rank perjuries trample on the laws,
 A pleader's found; one dead to truth or shame;
 Of subtle parts, who scorns an honest name;
 Replete with tricks, with quirks, immers'd in sin,
 He leads his clients safe through thick and thin.
 Thus in a state where darkest schemes prevail,
 And narrow counsels ancient rights assail;
 The vile receive what virtuous peers avoid,
 You know the business by the men employ'd.
 Sage * too, approving nods his head,
 Roars out for war, while Scotchmen snatch at bread:

Impress'd with grief all nature now recedes,
 To see such wisdom join in worthless deeds.
 Prelates with lords, and simple squires attend
 The trumpet's piercing sound and *---their friend;
 All men of tried undoubted reputation,
 Who'd sell, for gold, themselves, their prince, or nation.

*--- thus surrounded, swell'd with airs of state,
 Conceives no scheme no enterprize too great:
 Flatter'd with future hopes of certain fame,
 Through pale-fac'd envy wounds great Chatham's name;
 Marching with slow, saturnine solemn pace,
 He proudly bows---his audience leer grimace;
 Bubblers and bubbled meanly take their stand,
 With ears erect they wait but his command.

" How misapplied, in Britain's envied state,
 " Have been my native martial powers of late?
 " To pour o'er weighty numbers and reduce
 " The nations debt---O strange, O vile abuse
 " Of talents form'd, form'd for victorious deeds,
 " My soul's on fire for war---Great Britain bleeds.

C

" Through

- " Though not untried, as yet unskilled in arms,
 " The name of conqueror has persuasive charms.
 " Like to great Caesar at Pharsalian field,
 " Where Roman subjects did to Romans yield;
 " So shall base victims give to Britons fame,
 " That future ages may revere our name.
 " With Phillip's arts I'll lead our senates on,
 " And vie in glory with great Phillip's son.
 " If Chatham's feats to towering Alps arise,
 " Mine shall ascend and fly through lofty skies;
 " Conquests will soon astonish all the world,
 " For our dread thunders shall with force be hurl'd.
 " Atlantic sons shall our just fury feel,
 " In slaughter'd heaps we'll quench Britania's steel;
 " Who dare court mandates, or our will oppose,
 " Shall fall in thousands as the country's foes.
 " Shall Colonies remain untax'd and free,
 " And fiercely spurn my grateful fav'rite tea?
 " Shall they uncourg'd dispute my sov'reign skill,
 " Who * - - - and * - - - rule or blind at will?
 " Defenceless coward race; they soon shall know
 " Great * - - - wisdom; purple streams shall flow.

" The

“ The *-----last war, who dropt the piteous tear,

“ Shall ride in blood without remorse or fear:

“ For now seduc'd by crafty *-----hate,

“ Beholds, unmov'd, the wretched people's fate;

“ Deaf to remonstrance, humble suits or prayers,

“ For friends unseen, divide the *-----cares.

The slaves applaud—with courtly smiles and nod,

And sing in joyful sounds great *-----is god.

Grand source of ills, delusive, pleasing guide!

Is self conceit, sweet charms of ign'rant pride,

The wise with caution weigh each great event,

While fools are stubborn rash, and confident.

If with a pow'r to bless, or curse mankind,

The weakest head and warmest heart combin'd;

Knaves take the lead, too oft the snake's embrac'd,

While virtue, honor, truth, shall seem disgrac'd.

Conceited *-----with fiery zeal inspir'd,

Declares for war, by civil discord fir'd;

With headstrong fury, friends and foes assails,

And fills with horror, all the neighb'ring vales:

So

So a fierce bull, when rous'd for peasant's mirth,
 Runs with impetuous rage, foams, tears the earth,
 Thirsts after human blood---the guiltless bleeds
 Through thoughtless gores---such are his savage deeds.
 With equal rashness, blund'ring * - - - prepares
 War's implements, a threat'ning frown he wears.
 Aghast, Britania fearful, trembling stands,
 And wond'ring shrieks! to hear the dread commands.
 Oppress'd she weeps---now first emotions o'er,
 With infelt pangs she views the well lov'd shore;
 As a fond parent does her child embrace,
 And sees perfection in it's lovely face;
 Watchful, if sick, she counts each lab'ring breath,
 If more impeded feels the threat'ning death.
 Love, hope, and fear, alternate now controul,
 And take possession of the female soul.
 " Shall children's blood, O! fall'n inhuman thought;
 " Relentless flow by cruel parent fought?
 " Are my Atlantic shores for ever lost,
 " When the infidious * - - - is only cross'd?
 " Shall useful commerce, love, and peace resign
 " To baneful war, to base, to weak design?

" De-

“ Destruction surely waits---Curb the mad fit;
“ Thus the inspir’d Great Britain’s Nestor, Pitt.
If sickly leaves surround the fading bow’rs,
And a long drought hath caus’d a wish for show’rs,
When vital drops succeed our plaintive strains,
Fruits, corn, and flowers will grace the jocund plains.
So Camden’s tongue gave life whene’er it flow’d,
Until pale * - - - his rank corruption sow’d.
Thus the great patriot spoke, nor spoke in vain,
For endless ages shall his truths maintain:
When sons amaz’d shall view the dismal page,
And curse each traitor of the present age.
“ If justice, law and truth, your actions guide,
“ Let *Magna Charta* these sad feuds decide.
“ No subjects can be tax’d unrepresented;
“ Admit this fact, all future ill’s prevented.
“ Three million souls have not a single name
“ To urge in either house their justest claim.
“ They’re loyal subjects now—they’ll grant supplies:
“ Don’t let false projects millions sacrifice.”
So the great Judge supports Britania’s cause,
Laments her wrongs, lost liberty and laws.

As a great mastiff licks the feeder's hands,
 Growls, barks, or bites, if but his lord commands,
 Tears, robs the weak, despising honest praise;
 His meat and bones alone to actions raise.

Thus pamper'd * - - - - - on fair freedom flies,
 And feasts in lux'ry with the tempting prize:

For he with barb'rous mouth—O shame to tell!
 Bark'd forth such words as grace a fiend in hell.

“ Deal *famine, fire and sword*, on *coward race*;

“ Such wretched *poltroons* cannot soldiers face.

“ Give me five hundred brave and chosen men,

“ I'll drive the *Yanks* from north to south again.

“ Their weak, distress'd, and unprepar'd condition,

“ Are reasons cogent to enforce submission.”

Thus roar'd old Neptune, cruel, fierce, and rude,
 Not wanting sense, but moral rectitude.

When fyrens sung delusions seiz'd the soul,
 And every vice was sooth'd without controul;

Ambition, pleasure, wealth, or soft desire,

Receiv'd the sanction of Parnethope's lyre;

Attentive hearers to destruction throng;

She ruin'd all by deep laid arts and song,

As British senates are by * - - - - - tongue.

Who

Who blest with pow'rs supreme, in judgment great,
 Enough to raise or sink Britannia's state;
 Ev'n this great peer his wisdom prostitutes,
 And former virtues now with zeal refutes;
 He who with bended knees cou'd pray for James,
 Like a true Scotchman now that prince disclaims.
Kill or be kill'd—his mad advice is heard;
 When straight a legion of weak * - - - appear'd
 Ready to vote, or honour prostitute,
 As taught by * - - - , or the timid * - - ;
 Who deal, directed through some unseen pow'r,
 To England's state sad ruin every hour;
 Whose vilest schemes in each sad instance fail,
 And yet their counsels still with * - - - prevail.
 Could these deep artists give to deluge birth,
 And by dread waters swallow British earth,
 Destroying all, except the virtuous court,
 * - - - would be lull'd, and * - - - give support.
 But reason speaks—the sov'reign pow'r allow'd;
 Let * - - - annul what former kings bestow'd:
 Say grants and charters are but slipp'ry things,
 Dependant on capricious pow'rful kings;

That

That parliaments have right to vote away
 Estates or lives—that these are legal prey.
 These courtly creeds the people don't believe;
 Delay the war till they these lights receive.
 If subtle * - - - swears that this is law,
 Until more honest lawyers find a flaw;
 If * - - - thus seeks for wretched Scotchmen land,
 And food and raiment for his quibb'ling band;
 Yet, if fair justice is not made a jest,
 Such explanations all good men detest;
 Nor will such doctrines in the present reign
 One honest man in either country gain;
 Men fond of gold may vote such fictions true,
 Who'd votes revoke if more appear'd in view:
 These nothing prove—to those who feel their wrongs,
 Such arch distinctions are but idle songs.
 Wretches may write all public virtue down;
 For, like a vision, from our isle it's flown:
 Do these then justify base love of self,
 And prove all actions end in fordid self?
 It sure belongs alone to modern times
 To seek examples for the blackest crimes.

Politick wisdom lenient means approve;
Can men by cruelties be brought to love?
Let our Atlantic sons free trade enjoy;
Let wealth increasing all their thoughts employ;
Retard our contests to some future date,
Their riches will new luxuries create.
If pressing need requires, that time invites
To raise new duties, or assert our rights.
Not now, when all America's in a blaze;
While wrongs repeated dangerous tumults raise;
When trade's half-ruin'd by our prohibitions,
And men through want view deep their low conditions.
Urge not despair, nor let them feel their pow'r;
Our fate depends on counsels of an hour.
Consider well---sad civil war's a sting
Which endless pains, but no fair sweets will bring.
In their assemblies now supplies they'll give:
What matters *form* if we their *aid* receive?
As a slow poison creeps through all the veins,
Pervading every part, life scarce remains:
So gold corrupt has vanquish'd this lost land,
And such corruption forms * - - - - chosen band;

E

Who

Who dead to conscience, prince, or country's fate,
 In supercilious tone flies reason in debate;
 Secures both houses---bribes and contracts lure
 A major part, debauch'd, corrupt and poor.
 Some dream of taxes eas'd, and idly vote
 Like prattling parrots, taught and led by rote;
 Others, dependant on some courtly lord,
 Basely submit, and echo his dread word;
 Some, weaker still in government or state,
 Let private virtues senses fascinate;
 To friends or fav'rites these alone extend,
 While public errors may great empires rend.
 All join in praise of * - - - grand expedition,
Except a virtuous *unbrib'd* opposition.

When angry passions warm resentments raise,
 Some evil demon oft will fan the blaze,
 Leading to mischiefs which no time repairs,
 But every step a dire affliction bears:
 Thus greatest ills from trifling causes flow,
 And friendly discords lead to endless woe.

The

The thirsty sword unsheath'd, behold brave Gage,
 Like captive bird, confin'd in Boston's cage;
 At anchor lies our showy, valiant fleet;
 Ten thousand troops in dance parade the street,
 Boasting of conquests yet untried, unfought,
 As by truth-speaking, blust'ring * - - - taught.
 Yet by a coward rabble, strange to say!
 Are kill'd some hundred soldiers in a day; *
 And, horrid shame! we've justest cause to dread
 Provincials wanting *courage, arms and bread.*
 As men who false or blund'ring schemes commence,
 Pursue with ardor more in self-defence;
 Thus * - - - with fury foaming still proceeds,
 Nor doubts his skill in dreadful martial deeds,
 Supports new stratagems, new tricks of state;
 Three shallow ill-fram'd acts fresh feuds create.
 Amidst these storms he keeps his lofty seat,
 And feels Americ *cringing* at his *feet*.
 Our own, our children's blood thus spilt, sad fate!
 No purple streams Scotch rancor satiate;

* The actions at Lexington and Bunker's hill; the former happened April 18, the latter June 17, 1775. We lost in both about 1000 soldiers, and above 100 officers were either killed or wounded.

THE CONQUERORS.

The parent's, children's, widow's hapless tale,
 Of slaughter'd friends, nor flowing tears prevail;
 No mediator's balmy wish is heard,
 Though gentle peace in various shapes appear'd;
 Our bravest troops in civil discord slain,
 Brings not the minister a moment's pain;
 In dire misfortune * --- seems most elate,
 Urg'd by curs'd obstinacy laughs at fate;
 Secure in pow'r, despises common sense,
 And vainly hopes by craft designs to fence.
 Were heav'n's dread pow'rs, earth and hell inclin'd,
 To wreak just vengeance 'gainst him all combin'd,
 He'd stand the crash with unrelenting mind.
 No soothing calm reflection e'er returns,
 For baneful power alone he raging burns.
 Careless he sees his ill-plann'd measures cross'd,
 Yet plays and sports an empire---nearly lost.

When pleasing passions first our youths assail,
 For some short time fair virtue shall prevail.
 Contention's strong between hope, fear and shame;
 Still honor triumphs, and a love for fame.

If

If such should slip, by false companions led,
 Though joys invite, with timid feet they tread;
 But when grown harden'd in each wicked deed,
 Some would not feel, if nearest friends should bleed.
 Thus by degrees, who shrinks at drops of blood,
 Shall grow elated when he's caus'd a flood.

With fearless soul behold great * - - - - - son
 Spurs with revenge the cruel war begun.
 Servile *addressers* warmly shew their zeal
 To overthrow the fickle common weal.
 Deceits, false hopes, weak schemes are wafted o'er
 From the bustling, empty, vain * - - - - -
 Poor hireling scribblers would have vanquish'd too,
 If weakest lies and bloated words would do.
 Sooth'd with conceits of glorious conquest sure
 Supinely * - - - - and people sleep secure.
 Delusive treach'rous dreams—too soon we see
 Ticonderoga, John's, and Fort Chamblee, *

* On May 2, 1775, Ticonderoga; May 3, Crown Point; October 20, Fort Chamblée; November 3, Fort St. John's, November 12, Montreal, were taken by the Provincials under Montgomery and Arnold.

With Crown Point ta'en—distress'd, degrading thought!
 By Arnold's mob, uncloath'd, unfed, untaught;
 Six hundred miles thro' woods, thro' frost and snow,
 They cheerly march, and conquer as they go.
 Num'rous towns with Montreal's defender,
 To *coward* troops their liberties surrender;
 But their dread prowess meets a fatal check;
 Brave Carleton conquers—conquers at Quebec.*

Montgom'ry falls---O, touch the plaintive lyre!
 With mournful sounds the artless muse inspire!
 In solemn gloom behold his honor'd bier!
 See! gen'rous Carleton drops the feeling tear!
 Pale with sad horror, gallant soldiers too
 In silent grief their lifeless hero view.
 Veil'd is the Muse, absorb'd in deepest woe;
 With painful force the tristful numbers flow:

* The Provincials were defeated at Quebec, Dec. 31, 1775. Arnold had passed the third barrier on the side he made the attack; Montgomery's death in the assault threw his party into confusion, and forced them to retreat. The march of these generals in the depth of winter was equal, if not superior, to Hannibal's passing the Alps.

Calm were the raging winds---waves ceas'd to roar---
All murm'ring nature wept---the brave's no more!

The Congress meet, and Falmouth's ruin'd fate*
Increases fears, suspicions, mutual hate:
Pale victims fly—with trembling feet return,
And see dread conflagration houses burn;
In lonely woods among wild beasts they roam,
And comfort find—in every place but home.
The solemn league's propos'd, approv'd and sign'd;
Still * - - - - to England's dearest interest blind,
With flight, with jokes twelve provinces he treats,
Their tears, their prayers with menaces he meets:
He'll soon reduce to abject low submission,
“ Men without hostile arms or ammunition.
“ When streaming sails their trembling coast alarms,
“ Most will return with contrite open arms:
“ Much good will come from florid proclamation,
“ For numbers love our gracious king and nation.

* 139 dwelling-houses and 278 storehouses were burnt by the English at Falmouth.

" No vessels sailing from each trading port,
 " Depriv'd of every useful war's support;
 " Their commerce spoil'd, they must of consequence,
 " Among themselves destructive feuds commence:
 " Our *faithful* friends, the loving French and Dutch,
 " No succour give, they've said, nay sworn as much.
 " Soon shall the wretches mourn their hapless fate,
 " Who dare resist Great Britain's lofty state:
 " Our arms subduing clam'rous opposition,
 " Slaves shall embrace *unlimited submission*.
 " When by the sword reduc'd, my sole intent,
 " Will future ills with cautious zeal prevent:
 " By a new code of penal laws to govern,
 " Prepar'd by trusty Sawney * - - - -
 " See Adams, Hancock, Franklin led in chains;
 " Such were the tow'ring phantoms of * - - - - brains."
 No adverse fortune shocks his stubborn mind,
 To justice, truth, to reason's call he's blind.
 Pris'ners in chains to England brought, what's more,*
 Return in safety to their native shore.

* Dec. 31, 1775, Col. Ethan Allen and others were brought to England and sent back again.

The * - - - - - with selfish views replete,
 By silent votes his sentiments repeat;
 Eager they sanctify, O dreadful word!
 Parents to shed their dearest children's blood.
 Rocks, shoals, nor quicksands check the bold career,
 The vessel splits---the pilots persevere:
 With zeal they grapple property unknown,
 Plunder the wreck---and hail their harvest home.

Gay Charlatans will boast of deepest skill,
 To cure disease by powder, drop, or pill;
 With brazen front and artful tricks ensnare,
 Make wise men laugh, while fools admire and stare.
 So shallow courtiers promise much, and praise
 Each deep-fram'd project of our conq'ring days.
 The shrew'd suspect, the weak are led away,
 And fools triumphant fall an easy prey.
 Quacks steal our health, vile coun'slors stab the state,
 These thousand ills, the others few create.
 With all * - - - - blust'ring vauntings, Bunker's-hill
 Brings serious proof of Putnam's warlike skill:

G

There

There Warren fell---whose well-lov'd, patriot name,
Will live rever'd to future endless fame :
In desp'rate march our soldiers slaughter'd here,
Claim the soft melting tributary tear :
All Britain mourning---felt their honor'd worth,
Except time-serving, frigid, callous * - - - -

Now rankling fierce resentments warmly glow,
And hostile arms foretel unmeasur'd woe.
Thousands of British youth, with glory fir'd,
Quit ease and peaceful plains, by Mars inspir'd ;
Atlantic sons their agriculture leave,
And missive weapons from their chiefs receive :
Now raging tempests swell each breast in turn,
These for their country, those for empire burn.
Still projects wild pervade * - - - - giddy brain,
He boasts of certain conquest this campaign ;
The same he *dream'd* and promis'd oft before,
With golden taxes from Americ's shore ;
Insults our slumb'ring ears, " *I've been deceiv'd.*"
Though fatal losses 'wake, yet * - - - - believ'd.

Great

Great Britain's fill'd, with sanguine expectations
From the scourge, the greatest curse of nations.
Whose lifeless trunk supported on the earth
Gives weight to folly, and to nonsense birth;
To meanest tricks his narrow soul he bends,
And keeps his place, for self and hungry friends.

Now num'rous fleets infest the hostile shore;
Thousands of German troops come basely o'er,
To cruel slaughter and to conquests sent,
While Europe trembling waits the grand event.
Our ships of war, in number ninety-three,
Lord Howe commands; they cover all the sea:
Thirty-five thousand troops to act on land,
Towards the north, Cornwallis, Howe, command;
Carleton's twelve thousand keep Canadian ground,
But threaten vengeance to their neighbours round:
Of Province forces thousands *love* our king;
These *Tryon* call, and to the numbers bring.
As a great earthquake, whirlwind, thunder, storm,
Our souls affright, we almost lose our form;

The

The chilling blood scarce through the veins can flow,
 And transient thoughts will drive us to and fro;
 So did it seem an armament so great
 Would strike like terror in America's state:
 But when dread ruin horrid ghastly stares,
 Howe's troops are forc'd from Boston unawares;
 Great Washington with patriot zeal inspir'd,
 Seiz'd heights commanding, and on Boston fir'd.
 Howe, as from dream awak'd, sends forth his trains,
 But these are vanquish'd by descending rains;
 Such trifles ever ruin his campaigns.*
 The cong'ror then moves off in safe retreats,
 And saves his army by our num'rous fleets:
 For such bold actions knighted is fam'd Howe;
 A satire sure on that commander's brow.
 The arch * - - - - - this calls by intuition,
 A wise, a happy shifting of position.
 When tricks evasive grace a motley crew,
 No lib'ral plan, no noble point's in view;

* It is remarkable that this hero would always compleat his victory, if
 rain, or night, a hard gale of wind, a fog, a wood, a swamp, or river did
 not prevent him.

See all his Letters in the Gazettes.

The man of honor scorns the darken'd way,
 His upright actions court the face of day,
 On truth relies, no cov'ring art desires;
 But foulest work a varnish'd gloss requires.
 Howe'er arts Machiavelian * - - - may please,
 They'll not conduct a * - - - through life with ease.
 Great Manchester and friends with patriot love,
 For Britain's glory British senates move;
 Lov'd Rockingham and gen'rous Shelburne join;
 Fam'd Effingham and Ravenworth combine,
 Inquire with grief the cause of Howe's retreat,
 So much appearing like a mean defeat:
 But all researches artful * - - - - stifle,
 Regards the well-known facts as merest trifles;
 Asserts *no stores*, no *arms* were left, he's clear;
 When soon confounding *lists* of both appear. †

* Duke of Manchester's motion was made in May, 1776; and if it had been properly listened to, would have saved this country from destruction.

† This nobleman, who distinguishes himself in the act of boldly asserting every thing, as it may answer the present purpose; *dared* to say, that Howe removed from Boston by *choice*; it was a *wise* action, &c. The truth is, that *Washington* got possession of Dorchester heights, and played

With pliant sycophants of simp'ring court,
 Devoted * - - - - gives a warm support.
 So by great numbers, candor, truth borne down,
 Our wretched country's fate—all good men mourn.
 When griefs o'erwhelming gnaw our inward parts,
 We call on heav'n, nor vainly ope our hearts.
 Celestial pow'rs attending grant our prayers,
 If justice guides, the Gods remove our cares,
 Not so proud man, the tyrant of an hour,
 Who murders thousands through a lust of power:
 No reason moves, no justice guides his schemes,
 To distant objects, still his fancy teems;
 Which if acquir'd, yet more possess the soul,
 For *false* ambition will not bear controul.
 With bended knees in humble supplication
 Griefs are pour'd forth to this unheedful nation.

on the town three days and nights. Several persons are in London *now*
 who were witnesses of this scene. The same worthy peer declared on his
honor, no stores were left. The list of stores left by our general were as
 follows: 100 pieces of cannon, from 9 to 32 pounders; 100 ditto at the
 castle; 4 mortars; 2500 chaldron of coals; 2500 bushels of wheat; 2300
 of barley; 600 of oats; 100 tons of oil; 150 light-horse. This account
 was artfully *concealed* from the public, as have many other heavy losses.

Penn's last resort no balmy comfort brings;
 No mis'ries reach the flatter'd ears of *---*
Complaints were factions, which our arms should end:
 Provincials urg'd, of course themselves defend.
 What could they do? could men born *free* behold
 Their brethren slaughter'd, native country sold?
 Could they, if rul'd by common sense, believe
 Those very men, whose shifting arts deceive?
 Could they forget their vile presiding lord,
 Who had betray'd his own and *..... word?
 Whom could they trust, those novices of state,
 Whose darken'd counsels did the ills create?
 Let's view in calmness, what sad ills we've done;
 Proscrib'd twelve states for thoughtless acts of one.
 If they declar'd themselves from Britain free,
 Was it not caus'd by our temerity?

* The petition of the Congress, offering to assist us with money to any amount, begging to be on the same footing as in the year 1763, which was disdainfully rejected. The worthy Dr. Franklin was likewise treated in the most *indecent* manner before a certain council, by a being, who is the disgrace of human nature.

Laft

Last war they rais'd by glorious deeds our fame,
And added laurels to great George's name :
With equal ardor blood and treasure spent ;
A certain proof of no such dark intent.
When threat'ning war furrounds a country's coasts,
Should it embrace with open arms the hosts ?
With eighty thousand did not Britain arm,
And should not this Atlantic sons alarm ?
Could Albions wonder, watchful chiefs prepare,
Who scorn the badge of slavish bonds to wear ?
What less than flav'ry is the low condition
Of those who bend to uncontrol'd submission ?
If Britons here should not their rights maintain,
Would they not merit cursed flav'ry's chain ?
Can one true patriot on fair freedom's shore
Support his life, when liberty's no more ?
Could we possess ten thousand lives to lose
At freedom's shrine, who could those lives refuse ?
Or to great George, if fighting France and Spain ?
But wars unjust should not our honor stain.
Colonial subjects forc'd through deep despair,
Their independence claim and free declare.

To heav'n and arms devoted victims fly,
 Resolv'd to conquer, or with freedom die.
 The crafty crew, deluders of the state,
 Each paltry plan with cunning vindicate.
 "Americ aim'd at independence free ;"
 For these wise *Magi* know futurity.
 As well might people tear their eyes and say,
 Blindness may come, perhaps, on future day ;
 Or murd'ers cast, with equal sense reply,
 We kill'd the man, for man was born to die.

As joyful spring buds forth the lofty trees,
 And bounteous nature strains each nerve to please ;
 So Lee victorious blooming vigor gives,
 And Carolina's fears with joy relieves.
 Forth from the battlements his thund'ring guns
 Dealt dreadful slaughter to Britania's sons.
 Lost ships and num'rous troops, alas ! no more,
 Through inconsistent schemes we now deplore.
 Bold Parker's, Clinton's tardy coup de main,
 Our British arms with loss degrade and stain : *

* The defeat at Sullivan's Island happened the 28th of June, 1776.

For twenty days about fair Sullivan's shores
 Our gen'ral sleeps, nor soundings yet explores;
 Sir Peter's ships attack the fatal place;
 An unknown ford stops Clinton's rapid pace;
 Both are repuls'd—our fleets and men destroy'd,
 Give gloomy prospects of the chiefs employ'd.
 Laird William too, on his lost country fires,
 In rage to think—*Scotch* government expires.
 These drowsy, ling'ring movements, weak and vain,
 Commanders dare pronounce a *coup de main*;
 They'd risk'd their heads in any former reign.
 In our brave times, when ablest counsel's flighted,
 Such valiant Bobadils are carefs'd and knighted.
Scotch arts, as usual, cover our defeats;
 Report with conquest this *dull* country treats:
 For, brilliant courtiers flutt'ring on birth-day,
 Lee, Washington, and Hopkins boldly flay.
 Eager the buz through drawing-room then ran,
 Howe was a Cæsar---sure he's more than man.

were eight ships of war, including the Thunder bomb. The *Acteon* fri-
 gate was lost, and all the shipping suffered greatly. See Gazette published
 August 24, 1776.

Adams

Adams and Hancock, Deane and Franklin too,
 Repenting, lives and pardons humbly sue.
 With sense replete, five provinces awake,
 At Dunmore's famous *standard* refuge take.*
 The swagg'ring *lairds* best answer these court lies;
 Swift as a hare, each from his province flies,
 And meanly leaves true friends a sacrifice.
 Brib'd * - - - - rashly vote, * - - - - gives commission
 Pardons to grant on *low*, on *vile* submission.
 Rejected is the sov'reign's mighty word,
 Colonial brethren pause—but chuse the sword.
 For full five months ships, troops, and gallant Howe †
 Grace sea and land in idle pompous show.
 Plays, balls, and routs take place of fiery arms;
 Now Hallifax, now beauteous Staten charms:

* All these reports were circulated, June 4, 1776, to take off the attention from Howe's retreat from Boston, &c. within walls that should be sacred to *honor* and *truth*. Numerous instances of similar deceptions might be produced; all tending to shew in what estimation such mean artifices should be held,

† From March 7, to the latter end of August.

The

The softend Mars now sleeps in charming ease,
 While province forces troops and transports seize.*
 Lord Howe arrives---shrill trumpets sharply sound,
 Woods, hills, and dales with dismal groans rebound:
 Long Island feels the rage of Albion's host,
 While ships of war alarm the trembling coast:
 Cornwallis, Clinton, Percy raging flay,
 And meet the dangers of the conqu'ring day.
 Three gen'als grace the long triumphant trains,
 Whose captive state not nicest honor stains;
 Sterling, Udell, Sullivan brave the field,
 Nor wanting courage, but to numbers yield.†
 As tygers, wolves, and hungry beasts of prey,
 Voracious roaming, mark with blood their way,
 So Hessians murder friends or foes for pay.
 If fame says true, by thirsty sword or flood,
 Captives disarm'd were slain in coldest blood.

* Transports with 450 of the 71st regiment were taken off Boston, June 10, 17 and 19.

† The Provincials were defeated at Long-Island, August 27, 1776; New York was taken September 15; General Washington retreated from King'sbridge November 1.

With swiftest motion, darting like a star,
 Howe takes New-York, Kingsbridge, by dint of war;
 He gathers fading laurels at White-Plains;
 With dreadful losses Brunswick's city gains:
 Here makes a stand---nor then did fir'd renown
 Invite our arms to Philadelphia's town.
 Great Washington, whom purest glory warms,
 Without *mean* pay commands his country's arms;
 Calm as a summer's eve reviews our force,
 And without *soldiers* checks their daring course;*

* It was always said this general had *no army*. There is a spirit of patriotism blazes forth in this excellent man, which contradicts the modern *Scotch* assertions, that all men are interested. The corruption and baseness that is so predominant in this country, induces men to argue from their *own feelings*; those who cannot withstand pecuniary temptations imagine every man equally degenerate with themselves. Washington is an instance to the contrary; he receives *no pay* for his eminent services. What a contrast there is between the two generals! Ours, it is said, receives 100*l.* a week as commissioner for restoring *peace* and *granting pardons*, besides pay, &c. &c. It might be asked, whether in point of *justice*, as all negotiation was avoided, this exorbitant salary should be continued to each of the brothers? It is become a fashion, now, for every desperate man to repair his ruined fortune, by the destruction of this devoted country.

K

He

He doubly arm'd with justice, virtue's shield,
 Call'd forth to war, with honor keeps the field,
 Retards Howe's march, yet draws from tow'ring fleets
 Our troops, who fall by his well plann'd retreats.*
 In ravag'd Jerseys horrid purple plain,
 Hear the sad shrieks—see shocking heaps of slain
 Small arms like lightning flash in closest fight,
 While soldiers march in blood---O dismal fight!
 Great guns majestic---loud as thunders roar,
 And deal destruction to the hostile shore.
 The vanquish'd fly---on every side grim Death
 Pale frantic stares---and blasts with murd'ring breath.
 But piteous hear the tender matrons tale,
 The wives, the children's rueful state bewail:
 Let soft emotions gen'rous souls adorn;
 Lost friends on either side—with grief we'll mourn.
 Our light successes fill the proud *-----
 With vainest hopes---at Lloyd's he sounds his fame.

* From the 12th of October to the 28th of November Washington was retreating from post to post; he always out-generaled Howe, and avoided any general action. Our losses were shocking to reflect on in these movements.

“ Thou-

"Thousands of pris'ners brought in heavy chains,

"Fill with black executions all our plains :

"Americ's conquer'd---Carleton, Howe combine ;"*

Who can repel such force when heroes join ?

As drunken men who brave the dang'rous fight

O'er sparkling glasses in the far-gone night ;

So with vocif'rous tongues *weak cits* declare

"Free trade restor'd---an end to clam'rous war ;"

Soft fanning breezes waft th' infatuation

Through every part of this deluded nation :

Those who in baseness flew their country's cause,

And urged the war, are foremost in applause.

Scotchmen with hungry eyes and grasping hands,

Seize with fond ardor cultivated lands :

These golden dreams are soon by truth dispell'd,

And conq'ring *triumphs* for a time with-held.

In Canada, on hostile Lake Champlain

Some vessels burnt small martial honors claim ;

* It was confidently reported by all the minions of the court and ministry, that it was *all over* with the Americans ; that our admiral and general were employed in nothing but granting pardons and receiving submissions. Indeed the force sent out appeared sufficient to have conquered any country in the world.

Carleton

Carleton Ticonderoga distant spies,
 Hears Gates or Arnold's drums and sudden flies : *
 The dang'rous march with painful shock we hear
 Is still intended for another year.
 Thus ign'rant schemes our warmest wishes cross,
 While knaves luxurious feast on Britain's loss.
 Through thirst avidious Howe extends his chain,
 To Amboy, Perth, to Brunswick's distant plain.
 He gives extensive tracts to faithful friends ; †
 On brave detachments firmest hope depends.
 But sad experience makes him change the posts,
 Nor far from ships to trust his num'rous hosts.
 Fam'd Washington, whose soul no danger shakes,
 With art three Hessian regiments bravely takes ; ‡

* General Carleton, instead of forming a junction with Howe, came only within ten miles of Ticonderoga, after destroying a few armed fishing smacks on Lake Champlain.

† General Howe gave the American *acres* away with as much freedom in his *proclamation* as though he had possessed the whole continent. He has never yet had 50 miles of territory in a country 1200 miles in extent.

‡ The Hessians were taken Dec. 26, 1776, at Trentown.

He

He Philadelphia saves, while Howe retires
 In peace to winter at York's pleasing fires.*
 Now grand atchievements, check'd by well-plann'd force,
 Some trifling projects please the Howe's of course.
 The fam'd Rhode-Island's useless expedition
 Tickles our ears—ev'n *—*—* is lull'd by fiction:
 A great undaunted fleet glides smooth along;
 Ten thousand soldiers march with warlike song.
 Brave Clinton, Percy, fiery Parker sent,
 Return chagrind, not laurel'd as they went:
 They boldly pass a fort without dread guns,
 And take an *unarm'd* brig of many tons.†
 With fleets and arms enough the world to fright,
 Pompous commanders make a gaudy fight:
 They peaceful sleep at Newport's town, blest thought!
 Where month's elapse, but yet no battle's fought.

* Our general had then driven the enemy within 50 miles of Philadelphia. It should be asked why he did not then push his conquests? Either this country has been grossly abused with false intelligence, or the commander has not done his duty. A man of *nice* honor would scorn to be instrument of imposition to his countrymen.

† See Gazette, Jan. 22, 1777.

At Providence, but eighteen easy miles, in Philadelphia
 Unvisited, brave Putnam sneering smiles.
 A list of privateers sad destiny
 Sir Peter Parker gave—they're now at sea.
 Poor hirelings write, court slaves may boast with pride,
 Yet troops provincials kept their Boundbrook side.
 The campaign ends, increasing ills remain,
 While loyal sons destroy'd our honor stain.

Our past campaigns the Muse with sorrow sings,
 Not one faint hope of peace to Britain brings.
 In seventy-six at Brunswick's town our arms
 Threat Philadelphia with sad dread alarms.
 Half seventy-seven past, Howe kept there still,
 While idlest fables this weak country fill.

"Gen'als and foldiers, sick of congress pow'r,

"In thousands *swear allegiance* ev'ry hour.

"To humbly beg for peace each province sends;

"In every part our prince has *loyal* friends:

"The Howes grant *pardons*—Tyron's prayers invite."

So * - - - - - dreams, so pension'd scribblers write.

If

If such reports in any point were true,
 Keen censures are on British gen'als due.
 For why not conquer, when there's none to fight?
 Does Washington alone great armies fright?
 Say wretched * - - -, why pension knaves to gloss
 As grand and glorious feats each baneful loss?
 Not so great Pitt—his wise administration
 Brought laurels home, and dread on every nation.
 But quit the falsehoods and fair truth receive;
 Weak are the people, whom such puffs deceive.
 Free ports are open'd on Americ's shore;
 Wealth daily flows from *realms* unsought before.
 French, Dutch, and Spaniards see with joy elate
 Through stubborn * - - - the *fall* of England's state.
 Provincial soldiers near Howe's army lie,
 And view our force with daring scornful eye.
 Colonial fleets our very coasts invade,
 They seize our ships, and check fair British trade:
 Foes feel important strength, before unknown,
 Nor now petition, but despise the * - - -.
 If Britons tir'd, or fill'd with grief, complain,
 They're told in haughty words—"wait next campaign."

Long

Long have we hop'd—*“wait patient longer still;”*
 “Dare you dispute the sov'reign junto's will?
 “We're *sure* of conquest—Burgoyne joins with Howe,
 “While *savage* Indians *scalp* and *murder* now!”
 Thus we're amus'd, nor can great ills alarm,
 When fools rejoice, if Howe but moves his arm.
 See mushroom lords and knights with admiration,
 Expressly sent to dupe a neighb'ring nation.
 Nor ask why titled, where consists their worth?
 For who can tell—except the tamp'ring *—
 But royal favors don't maintain rough fights;
 Nor are our colonies scar'd by ribband knights.
 Conquest alone should grace the gen'ral's brow;
 Provincials laugh at Clinton, Guy, Sir Howe.
 If Ireland bends, for *bribes* avail of course,
 No arts, or arms seduce Americ's force.
 There virtue shines with bright resplendent rays;
 Don't rising heroes claim a noble praise?
 The Howes, at least, with seventy thousand men,
 March'd, fail'd, retir'd, and reach'd New-York again:

* For the manner of scalping, see the Critical Moment.

Let truth, let candor speak, what they have done?
 Grown wond'rous rich, some trifling battles won;
 Distant is conquest as when war begun.
 If projects light, great promises and lies,
 And ill success in every enterprize;
 If mean excuse, or cunning low can grace
 With specious gloss a sickly desp'rate case;
 If to cajole a people genius bends,
 To serve thyself, or mean dependent friends,
 Receive the palm great * - - - thy justest right,
 Thou, who by gold could'st heaven and hell unite.
 With such a man, who all their ill create,
 Ne'er will Atlantic sons negotiate
 Nor can fair peace approach this land despis'd
 Till thou and all thy crew are sacrific'd
 But leave the herd with all their blackest crimes
 For abler pens to scourge in future times.
 Bring forth the war--in softer numbers sing
 How trifling battles please a worthy * - -
 Unus'd to war--unblest'd with honest friends,
 Destructive falsehoods please, so * - - defends.

M

The

The campaign opens, and the valiant Howe
 On harmless magazines first strikes a blow.
 For see Peek's Hill and Danbury expedition*
 Destruction deal to food and ammunition.
 For years we're told our foes *want* all supplies,
 And yet Howe fires their *stores*, to prove court lies.
 Such gallant actions grace heroic song;
 To frantic women these mad freaks belong.
 Who can but smile to see our rugged arms
 Not face provincials---but set fire to barns.
 But Arnold comes---see boasting Tryon flies,
 And with sad trepidation quits his prize.
 Dead bodies distant strew'd mark his retreat,
 Who saves his *frighted* men by nimble feet.
 In the pursuit brave honor'd Wooster slain,
 Another hero lends to after fame.
 Mourn Britons brave—who sell a sacrifice,
 To *fill* Gazettes and *blind* the people's eyes.
 Such arts are common to the present race,
 For what can now our arms or --- disgrace?

* In the latter expedition on the 27th and 28th of April, 1777, we had
 killed and wounded 197 men and 12 officers. See Gazette, June 24, 1777.

See * - - - - - the vile with slavish chains *
 For *black* designs now close attention claims.
 With indignation hear th' intended measure
 To *take, fine, transport* Briton's sons at pleasure.
 Should not such tyrant schemes increase our fear?
 Are Albion's sons *asleep* to all that's dear?
 Reflect, think deep on this *Scotch* wretches plan,
 For he at one bold stroke wou'd freedom damn.
 With grateful feelings let our country raise
 In acclamations strong those patriots praise;

* This *worthy* friend to *liberty* would have given power to every *ignorant* justice of peace to take into custody whomsoever his *worship* pleased, and send the prisoner to the coast of Africa, East or West Indies, or any other place which in his wisdom he should think fit, without giving the accused an opportunity of a vindication by a fair trial. There never was an instance of so tyrannical an attempt to reduce us to *slavery* as this; nothing *shews* so *evidently* the wicked design of the enemy: it ought to alarm all Englishmen. The *mean art* of a *Scotchman* shone conspicuously in this matter; for, in order to remove the resentment which might have been naturally expected from an insulted people, and to obliterate the daring attempt from their minds, an apparently *virtuous* bill was immediately brought in from the same quarter, to prevent extravagant young men from being pillaged by usurers, &c.

Those

Those, who in trying moments lent their aid
To crush *tyrannic* pow'r *deeply* laid.

These the good Dunning led, unaw'd by court,*
While Conway, Fox, and Wilkes gave joint support.

Great Abingdon protests with single name
Amongst his peers, and gains immortal fame.

Like Rome's Fabricius uncorrupt and great
Our Chatham came, to save a tott'ring state;

His health impair'd—worn out in Britain's good,
Ungrateful treated, yet our champion stood.

To fly impending dangers and dire woe,
To check the purple streams that rapid flow;

Our bleeding wounds yet still inspir'd to heal,
To lift'ning peers he urg'd his sage appeal.

“ For England's good by duty now impell'd,
“ My warmest efforts cannot be with-held.

* The uniformity of Mr. Dunning's conduct will immortalize him: his support of the liberty of the subject against the artifices of designing *slaves*, favourers of *despotism*, deserve the most grateful thanks of the whole nation; as do likewise every single member's opposition to the *dictatorial* and insulting mandates of a despicable court faction; who would make the senate representatives of a worthless junto, instead of the people, from whom they derive their temporary power.

“ I rise,

“ I rise, my lords, in humble expectation,
“ That my propofals for th’ unhappy nation
“ May be receiv’d as for my fov’ reign’s fame,
“ The people’s int’reft and Great Britain’s name.
“ These objects move—but ’fore my wish I ftate,
“ Let’s view the caufes that our ills create.*
“ Without confent, with force you took away
“ Eftates and lives—and are thefe legal prey?
“ You would not hear when provinces complain’d,
“ But factious call’d thofe men who truths maintain’d.
“ Americ’s fons, when urg’d by wrongs, petition;
“ Their humbleft prayers you call a *vile* fedition.
“ A *paltry* tax on tea by war’s defended,
“ Without effect have millions been expended.
“ Britain despis’d, with trembling fears depend
“ On fickle France her old and treacherous friend.
“ With piercing eye, like rav’nous bird of prey,
“ Gaul waits the hour to bear our fpoils away.
“ Unheard and rafh a province you proferib’d,
“ Their ports you fhut—their charter’d rights denied.

* Lord Chatham’s motion was made the 30th of May, 1777.

- “ Of subjects’ birthright, juries trial fair;
“ They were depriv’d—who could such inj’ries bear?
“ Three million souls refus’d, so heav’n decreed,
“ To come three thousand miles their cause to plead.
“ Full twenty thousand German-boors are sent
“ To cut the throats of brethren innocent.
“ I well remember useless was your force
“ When province troops check’d France’s rapid course;
“ With noble valor ev’ry danger fac’d,
“ On Louisburg’s walls Britania’s standard plac’d.
“ Last glorious war, by noblest motives led,
“ They common burdens shar’d—they fought—they bled.
“ These are the men your num’rous wrongs have driv’n
“ By force to arm—to seek redress from heav’n.
“ Three years you’ve tri’d their spirit to subdue,
“ You said they’d crouch, *lives, pardons* humbly sue.
“ Bring back to fight each cruel project vain,
“ Have not all fail’d, while they their rights maintain?
“ Hire Indians, and increase your German band;
“ Of treasure, people drain this milky land;
“ Coerce you cannot, quit the fruitless schemes,
“ Listen to peace—your war with ruin teems.

“ Remember

" Remember well 'in seventy-five I rose
 " And would have check'd these voluntary woes.
 " Before one drop of blood was spilt on either side
 " I pray'd for peace, but *passion* this deni'd.
 " Indecent language, violence and rage
 " Did then your lordships in this house engage.
 " My counsel slighted and the motion scorn'd,
 " Calm I retir'd, and for my country mourn'd!
 " I now resume my former wish for peace:
 " *Address the throne*, that fatal wars may cease."

With jokes evasive * - - - - stalk'd the stage;
 Meek christian * - - - broil'd with intemp'rate rage.
 With sophistry did * - - - - - - - - amuse;
 With shuffling tricks did * - - - - - - - - truth abuse;
 * - - - - - - - the sage on Montcalm's letters feeds
 With flinty soul—while this fair country bleeds.
 A peer intrepid would with lies deceive;
 He's known too well—for * - - - - - - - none believe.
 * - - - - - to shew his oratoric tongue,
 On *rum* and *contracts* bray'd both loud and long.

Oppos'd

Oppos'd to these, great Grafton's eloquence
 Each ill expos'd with a deep statesman's sense.
 The honey dropt from Camden's tuneful tongue,
 Whose sagest counsels charm'd the list'ning throng.
 Great Manchester and Shelburne urg'd with force
 Reasons to check black war's impetuous course.*
 With sense and greatness Peterborough charm'd;†
 With patriot zeal great Abingdon was warm'd.
 Provincials never aim'd, all prov'd quite clear,
 Independence, till forc'd by acts severe.
 Then Chatham rose with freedom's love again,
 His gen'ral motion fully to explain.
 " Let all your col'nies equally be free;
 " Confirm each state as blest in sixty-three;
 " And as our *senates* first with *wrongs* aggress'd,
 " Let them gain honor by those wrongs *redress'd*."
 What weight has reason 'gainst corrupting gold?
 Numbers decide—who've conscience, honor sold.

* The manly exertion of these noblemen, and the members of both houses in the minority, to save this country, will render their names immortal.

† Bishop of Peterborough.

The

The question's call'd, the motion's negativ'd?
To what a pitch have callous * - - - arriv'd?
So Athens fell---so Rome hath forc'd her fate,
Corruption sway'd each pow'rful tool of state,
The Greek, nor Cato could gold's pow'r repel,
Nor our lov'd patriot civil discord quell.
The former two have left a glorious name,
And Chatham's actions claim immortal fame.
In future times—O base, ungrateful isle!
Where freedom breath'd, and commerce grac'd with smile;
When blackest ruin overwhelms this state,
And our descendents mourn their hapless fate,
Each sorrowful son, perhaps a *slave* to Gaul,
Will own great Chatham would have sav'd our fall.
When British land thus lost—our name no more;
Pitt's fame shall live and grace Atlantic shore;
His wisdom there will stand admir'd, confess'd,
Who rais'd our glory, and this country blest'd.
The roaring seas, the murm'ring rivers sound,
Woods, hills, and plains shall Chatham's name rebound:
It's virtue's due—to him will hearts belong;
Gods shall rejoice and join the grateful song.

When *Janus* wrote to stop effusive blood,*
 And gave sage counsels for each country's good,
 So well inform'd in war so ably skill'd,
 With prophecies his very page was fill'd;
 Each dire event of black disastrous hue
Janus foretold, which now, alas! proves true.
 His calm review—his every peaceful word
 Would thousands sav'd—and sheath'd the angry sword.
 But our wise statesmen all advice deni'd;
 How much they wanted let events decide.
 The pliant tools alone can keep their station,
 Who lull the *—*—, and injure most the nation.
 Leave, leave reflexions and the parasites,
 And thank Lord Minden for succeeding lights.†

* An author, who called himself *Janus*, published about January, 1776, the *Critical Moment*, containing the rise, progress, present state, and natural consequences of the American war. It gave a very comprehensive view of the subject from 1763 until the period of its publication. The arguments in favor of liberty are very striking and pertinent; as to the subject of the war, it has foretold every thing nearly as it has happened.

† On the vote of supplies, May 15, 1777, opposed by the very sensible Col. Barré, this intelligence was given to the house by the noble lord

“ Provincials

“ Provincial force dispers’d—the *wretches* come
“ All *well*-accouter’d to our gen’ral’s *drum*.
“ What then shall hinder Burgoyne’s bold career
“ Through England New his gallant troops to steer?
“ Great Howe will southward push his *conq’ring* force,
“ Run o’er the land—for *nought* can check his course.
“ The war will end, I’m sure, with this campaign,
“ For colonies *no armies* now maintain.”

As blust’ring heroes at a puppet-show
Strut, stare, and boast what mighty things they’ll do;
As at the door the trumpet’s martial sound
Fills with amazement all the peasants round;
Or as prize-fighters at a country fair
Brandish their swords, and cut the whistling air;
So bold Burgoyne with warlike march and drums
In threat’ning sounds—a *conq’ring* hero comes.
His faithful heralds take the foremost station,
And *roar* like bears his frightful proclamation.

P R O-

PROCLAMATION.

- " My arms shall slay men, women, ev'ry thing,
 " To shew the *mercy* of my *gracious* * - - -
 " Unless they stay at home, or cattle bring.
 " At head of troops in health, with spirits replete,
 " To strike determin'd every *soul* I meet,
 " *Old* or *infirm*—my soldiers *all* shall beat.
 " Let not the people slight this invitation,
 " I'll *stretch* the Indians—carry *desolation*
 " To *wilful outcasts* of this harden'd nation.
 " In *consciousness* of *christian* precepts meek,
 " My royal master's *clemency* I speak,
 " Embrace *sweet* slav'ry, and forgiveness seek.
 " *Wrath's* dread *messengers* in the field you wait,
 " Pale *famine*, *devastation* is your fate,
 " Each deadly *horror* shall my *arms* create.
 " If through *vile* phrenzy you at distance view
 " Impending storms, and hostile acts renew,
 " *Bilbo's* the word—and slaughter shall ensue."

Now

Now quit this hero, - soon, alas! we'll see
 How all these boastings and his acts agree.
 In Harbor Snagg's twelve vessels are destroy'd,
 By bravest troops whom province states employ'd.*
 Gazettes nor Lloyd's pronounce the fatal news;
 A certain mark how ministers abuse.
 While Britons cred'lous wait for conquest treats,
 Our gen'ral brave from Washington retreats,†
 And in despair he burns the country seats.
 Thus what's acquir'd in last campaign by blood,
 Is lost again - no doubt for Britain's good.
 Burgoyne with flourish scouts all the lakes;
 Ticonderoga left - he boldly takes.‡
 Provincials few, by flight their safety fought,
 While our fam'd gen'ral tells with lofty thought
 Who shar'd the glory - where *no battle's* fought.

* On the 24th of May, 1777, Col. Meigs, by command of General Washington, destroyed on the east end of Long Island, at a place called Snagg's Harbour, 12 of our vessels (brigs and sloops) with an immense quantity of corn, merchandize, &c. took 96 prisoners, and killed 6 of our people. This great loss was never published in our Gazette.

† See Gazette, August 22, 1777.

‡ See Gazette, August 25, 1777.

But see such tales at levee * *clate,*
 While horror shocks each friend to Britain's state.
 North, west and south, each gen'ral takes his way,
 As though they meant cross purposes to play,
 And Howe's excursion leads to Chesapeak Bay.
 Burgoyne, who hates the motion *retrograde,*
 Drives on with fury, lest his laurels fade.
 Of Hudson's river sure, the *mention bare* *
 In a Gazette will make each Briton stare.
 St. Leger brave the way takes round about,
 Three thousand Indians grac'd his savage route.
 Men, women, children fall to these a prey;
 They fiercely scalp the planters on their way:
 Then at Fort Stanwix each collusion tries;
 Ganefvoort commands—St. Leger quits the prize. †
 The fort was summon'd—the col'nel's bold reply
 Was not like Stormont's, or Sir Johnson's lye.

* See Gazette, September 24, 1777.

† Col. St. Leger left by his precipitate retreat an immense quantity of stores, camp equipage, &c. all which our ministers *concealed*. There were left 23 batteaux, 15 waggons, shot, shells, cartridges, 27 boxes, 106 spades, axes, tents, tent poles, blankets, &c. &c.

Provincial

Provincial arms upon the lakes succeed;
 Pris'ners liberate—Britons captive lead.*
 Burgoyne next push'd for Bennington with vigor,
 And smooths his loss with *curious* trope and figure;
 Half-famish'd soldiers for their stomachs fight;
 A large *dépôt* of corn, geese, beef, invite:
 Four hundred lost—let feeling breasts bewail!
 Sad presage of the gen'ral's *talent's* scale.†
 We scarce the dismal news had coolly read,
 Before we're told that Washington is dead.‡

* On September 17 they took 293 privates, 2 captains, 7 lieutenants, 150 batteaux, 1 armed sloop and several gun-boats, on Lake George, and above the falls on Lake Champlain.

† See Gazette, November 1, 1777.—It is remarkable General Burgoyne always pretends he could not send exact returns of the *killed* and *wounded*. He remained in one spot inactive near two months; at this time several families are in the utmost anxiety about their relations; either the minister or the general has been exceedingly remiss.

‡ On Sunday evening *letters* were dispatched from all quarters, and from many belonging to public offices, notifying the above news. It was said three days were employed in burying the dead; a *forged* letter was produced in a *New-York* paper, as from Washington, in which he asserted, "the poor creatures saved their blankets," &c. This intelligence raised the

stocks,

Nine thousand of his wretched army kill'd,
 The rest dispers'd with such reports we're fill'd.
 Then Gates and Arnold with their troops are slain,
 Burgoyne the conqueror Albany does gain!
 O, poor expedients of the present reign.
 Against our foes Fox, Dunning take the field:
 Burke, Barré reason—but to numbers yield.
 Feign would they pry—expose the parts impure,
 Scar'd * --- with rage bursts forth—its nat'ral fire,
 He knows the wounds, if seen, admit of cure.*
 With patriot love inspir'd, great Richmond mov'd
 For forces state and loss—the peers approv'd.
 Bolton stood forth the true condition to know
 Of ships in ordinary; * --- felt the blow.
 Whose mean endeavors would have truth conceal'd,
 And by his shifts their wretched state reveal'd.

stocks, and it was said to be confirmed by accounts from *Glasgow, Liverpool, Corke, Bristol, &c.* It proved nothing but the stale trick of attempting to take off the attention from Burgoyne's Bennington defeat, by a fabricated tale of conquest. What mean artifice!

* A motion for papers, &c. &c.

As

As if awak'd from near a two months trance,
 Our troops intrepid from the Elke advance.
 Two actions follow---fields are fill'd with slain;*
 Howe and Cornwallis Philadelphia gain,
 But quit all conquest---till the next campaign.
 With soul undaunted gallant Agnew fell;
 Let softest whispers this misfortune tell.
 Devoted victims lost by proud command,
 Fill with dire sable all this wretched land.
 Valor is useless 'gainst swamps, woods and hills,
 Not only force, but the wild country kills.
 The cautious Washington's slaught'ring flow retreats.
 Prove our successes are but sad defeats.
 He seems to fly before pursuing foes,
 But this deep feint from clearest wisdom flows.
 The flights finesse, with all our lab'ring toils
 We can't pervade the country forty miles.

* In these actions the number of men killed and wounded amounted to 1498, of officers 134. No return has been made of the loss at the first attack at Red-Bank: the general only says many brave officers and soldiers were killed. The Augusta was blown up, and Merlin sloop was lost, value at least £.100,000, exclusive of the loss of lives. We have had no return of the thousands who have died by diseases, &c. &c.

He'll skirmish oft—*decisive* battles *shun*,
 Till our resources *cease*, till we're *undone*.
 Vaughan's, Clinton's route and undecisive blow,
 Much more of *zeal* than martial prudence show.*
 Mischiefs may please—but wretched Æsop's fate
 No ends can answer, but to irritate.
 The storming forts, the slaying all they meet,
 Tarnish our fame—and only * - - - can treat.
 Base little minds with pallid cowards unite,
 Who but for *pow'r*, their very shadows fright;
 Vindictive, cruel, and irresolute,
 These all compose the timid fav'rite * - - -
 If men reflect on ev'ry barb'rous plan,
 They'll soon perceive all comes from such a man.
 If villain's face e'er shew'd the crimson hue,
 Then blush each monster at a story true.
 What mercy's shewn to all your *cruel* bands!
 When thousands fall into provincial hands.
 That swagg'ring chieftain, whose big words support
 Each cruel mandate of a stubborn * - - - ;

* In these puerile expeditions above 170 of our troops were killed and wounded, besides several brave officers. See Gazette published Dec. 2, 1777.

Who like the dust before the wind would drive
Defenceless thousands, or leave none alive;
Whose Indians *scalp'd* and carry'd desolation,
With *famine, fire and sword*, to christian nation.
All nature shrinks to hear the massacre
Of harmless thousands, 'mongst the rest M'Rea.*
Twelve thousand troops he led—to meet sad fate!
Those very *ills* he would to others create.
Arnold and Gates are not by avarice fir'd,
Rights to defend alone their souls inspir'd,
They're warm'd with zeal, which none but patriots know,
But from such virtues ev'ry good must flow.
These meet the ravager in the fatal fields;
Both bravely fight—but vice to virtue yields.

* A young lady, who with several families were dragged into the woods by the savages under Burgoyne, scalped, murdered, and mangled in a shocking manner. See General Gates's pathetic letter to General Burgoyne on this occasion, published in the papers about the 18th or 20th of December, 1777. How diabolical and callous must that man's heart be, who could order such cruelties! The Americans have never yet employed a single Indian against us, but always treated prisoners with humanity.

Arnold,

Arnold, whose dauntless soul each duty warms,
With Roman fierceness ev'n intrenchments forms;
Amidst grape-shot, which flew as thick as hail,
Provincial courage would the foe assail.
Great Frazer's gone, whose soul with valor fir'd,
Was led to arm—by gratitude inspir'd:
Amidst brave Scottish bands he nobly fell,
Where none would live the dismal news to tell.
Brave Phillips too, by well-directed guns,
Dealt dreadful carnage to Aimeric's sons.
Thousands of Britons there resign'd their breath,
Whose martial courage claim'd a nobler death.
And shall such murders, through a wicked plan,
Degrade this isle, to gratify one man?
Burgoyne with brav'ry charg'd—each soldier tried
With rage to conquer—this the Fates denied.
For Gates and Arnold scorn'd to quit the field;
Ev'n Pompey's self did to great Cæsar yield:
And our proud gen'ral—whose sad threats alarm'd,
Is led a *captive*—with his troops *disarm'd*.
The brave turn'd pale—who had grim death defi'd,
View'd their defence—and like fond lovers figh'd!

Thus

Thus each griev'd soldier pil'd his arms and wept,
 While province forces from the scene were kept.*
 With soul refin'd—Gates turn'd away each face,
 Nor added insult to his foe's disgrace.
 That very foe—whose cruel deeds to name
 Would freeze the blood—they fully Britain's fame,
 Ev'n he and people meet with acts humane.
 Examples godlike elevate the mind,
 Courage and mercy in the victor join'd.
 Provincial captives here—behold the sight!
 In dungeons groan through *tardy* day and night;
 Or what's more barb'rous, dark the vile intent,
 To murder brethren in our ships they're sent.
 This law oppressive ministers defend,
 Whose sanguine hopes on conquest still depend;
 But cruel acts—with infamy must end.

* 5752 surrendered; 528 were left sick and wounded in General Burgoyne's camp; killed, wounded and taken, &c. 2933. Our whole loss amounted to 9213, besides a very fine train of brass artillery, 7000 stand of arms, cloathing for 7000, besides the military chest, tents, and an immense quantity of warlike stores. See Gates's letter, published Dec. 12, in most of the papers.

Who could advise an English prince to place
 Poor Scottish *lairds* to show'r on us disgrace?
 Men who were foremost in rebellion's cause,
 Are arm'd with pow'rs to trample on our laws.
 Americ spurn'd the tyrant northern crew
 Who'd *sell* their prince if int'rest comes in view.*

* "Whenever I see a Scotchman *smile* I feel an *involuntary motion* to
 "guard myself against *mischiefs*." Junius to Lord Mansfield.

† "Have you forgotten, sir, or has your favorite concealed from you
 "that part of our history, when the unhappy Charles (and he too had pri-
 "vate virtues) fled from the open avowed indignation of his English sub-
 "jects, and surrendered himself at discretion to the good faith of his *own*
 "countrymen. Without looking for support in their affections as subjects,
 "he applied only to their honor as gentlemen, for protection. They re-
 "ceived him as they would Your Majesty, with bows, and smiles, and
 "falsehood, and kept him until they had settled their bargain with the
 "English parliament; then *basely sold* their native king to the vengeance
 "of his enemies. This, sir, was not the act of a few traitors, but the *de-*
 "liberate treachery of a Scotch parliament, representing the nation. A wise
 "prince might draw from it two lessons of equal utility to himself. On
 "one side he might learn to *dread* the undisguised resentment of a gene-
 "rous people, who dare openly assert their rights, and who, in a just
 "cause, are ready to meet their sovereign in the field. On the other side,
 "he would be taught to apprehend something far more formidable—a
 "fawning treachery, against which no prudence can guard, no courage
 "defend.

Is it unknown provincials ne'er permit
 In their assemblies treach'rous Scots to sit? ‡
 Where int'rest does not clash, perhaps your lot
 May be for once to meet an honest Scot.
 But if dear self comes staring full in view,
 To that lov'd object ev'ry Scotchman's true.
 As black marauders yet more desp'rate grow
 When want of spoils gives rise to keenest woe.
 Or if slow justice nearly overtakes
 A wicked band, whom dread of ruin wakes,
 In blood immerg'd—how shall the crew recede?
 See with what fury hecatombs now bleed!

“ defend. The *insidious* smiles upon the cheek would *warn* of the canker
 “ in the heart.” JUNIUS. The price of Charles's blood was £.200,000.

‡ “ In the provincial assemblies no Scotchman, till within a few years,
 “ was ever permitted a seat. It was a received maxim, and nearly prover-
 “ bial amongst the Americans, that, if a Scotchman was once to gain en-
 “ trance at a door, he would soon turn the family out of the house. How
 “ sensibly must such a people have felt the rod of Scotch government?
 “ Perhaps, nothing has contributed more to promote our present disunion
 “ than the overbearing pride and mean insolence of poor North Britons
 “ arm'd with power. They are excellent servants, and brave soldiers, but
 “ horrid masters.”

Just

Just so proud statesmen, artful, insincere,
 If once oppos'd in any mad career;
 Or if by chance each bloody scheme shall fail
 (For justice sometimes may 'gainst pow'r prevail)
 As the clouds blacken and the storms increase,
 These shut their eyes declaring all is peace.
 Each dire misfortune leads to greater still,
 For who dares check a statesman's haughty will?
 But if impeachments threaten—rouz'd through fear,
 Bursting with choler see each guilty peer.
 Onwards they push remorseless, bold and rash,
 Defy the Gods, and brave the fatal crash.
 Nor shall bright Sol our gloomy mists dispel,
 For * - - - - is kept, as with a magic spel.
 Insulting blund'ers boast such pow'r alone,
 And swear none shall besides approach the * - - - -,
 Experienc'd statesmen they'll keep far from * - - - -
 For pious * - - - - despises such support.
 Great Chatham's scorn'd though hist'ry sounds his fame
 As freedom's friend—knaves hate the very name..
 So virtuous Charles was led by slow degrees
 To hate great Derby sycophants to please.

Crown,

Crown, children, life a sacrifice all fell,
But what's more dear, more piercing sure to tell,
A million Britons innocent were slain;
No ages can wipe off this royal stain.
Though life is short—how despotism beguiles?
The monarch's curse, grand source of endless toils.
Our Magna Charta, Bill of Rights, who hears
Once mention'd now among the courtly * - - - ?
Do they not all applaud in lofty strains
Each tyrant's plan to forge the people chains?
Some led through hope, but more by cursed gold,
Their own and country's rights have meanly sold.
They may proceed, by artful * - - - espous'd,
But mark the vengeance when the nation's rous'd.
Resentments fierce, which never bear controul,
Will burst with fury on each guilty soul.
Then shall the traitors pant, and freeze with fear,
Each dastard soul will drop the rueful tear,
And those who shed their brethren's blood profuse
Shall curse their wealth, and crafty * - - - abuse;
He gives them up—his safety foremost lies,
For all the world to that he'd sacrifice.

Evafive tricks, bold lies in vain will plead,
 The haughty culprits fhall unpitied bleed :
 Their forfeit lives, alas ! no reparation
 For thoufands butcher'd of our haplefs nation.

Where is rafh * - - - - who pledg'd his forfeit word
 That peace fhould grace Great Britain's *conq'ring* fword.
 Where is the venal, harden'd, wicked crew,
 Who confcience fold to blackeft private view ?
 Ufelefs our navy fleeps * - - - - - may boast,
 But do not privateers infest our coaft ?
 Fair commerce fickens—wealth will fly our fhore ;
 Our army moulders—Britain's name's no more !
 Each groveling trick, contracted, bafe and mean,
 Which * - - - - fuggested, fenates pafs'd unfeen.
 Votes affect not—anath'mas have no weight ;
 Juftice alone can move Americ's ftate.
 The *fword* and *olive* branch increas'd our pains,
 Though very effence of * - - - - fpungy brains.
 Mock ftatemen, lawyers, in dark quirks combine,
 Where want of foresight and dull ign'rance join.

Acts,

Acts, arms and fleets, supported full four years,
 Display our folly—for no peace appears.
 Armies we lose, much treasure spend and blood,
 All Europe laughs while courtiers say 'tis good.
 Who dares insult this weak deluded nation
 With hopes of peace from * - - - - negociation?
 The solemn league and confed'ration bind
 Each sep'rate state from peace, howe'er inclin'd.
 The pow'rs to treat in Congress now remain;
 Reason with these—suspend a war so vain,
 A just and lib'ral peace we'll yet obtain. }
 * - - - - vain proposals foes will hear as soon
 As Lucian's warriors in the pallid moon.
 They hate the man—*change, change* administration;
 Or we're undone for ever as a nation.
 Though wars by pride or folly cannot cease,
 Yet *Chatbam, Camden, Shelburne*, may bring peace.

Still dreams ambitious blund'ring * - - - - inspire,
 And flatt'ring tools increase a flaming fire.
 Lost to his fam'd financying better skill,
 Feign would he govern provinces at will;

And

THE CONQUERORS.

And without meaning, fear, or flend'rest hope,
To endless ills gives an unbounded scope;
Dispos'd through *pride* to hand to future fame
The *sad*, the *black* rememb'rance of his name,
Like the fam'd Greek, the fairest temple fires,
And feasts with joy while liberty expires.
Go on, vain man, support your worthless crew,
Justice, though slow, will pay what's justly due:
Dukes, purple, ermine, tyrants, harden'd *
The Muse once warm'd shall drag with satire forth.

An empire's gone—O dreadful, shameful fight!
A virtuous prince depriv'd—nay robb'd of right;
Drawn into woe by treach'rous bosom friends,
On shallow schemes and falsest hope depends;
Sinking from high to low degen'rate state,
Long will this country mourn its wretched fate.



T H E E N D

